



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

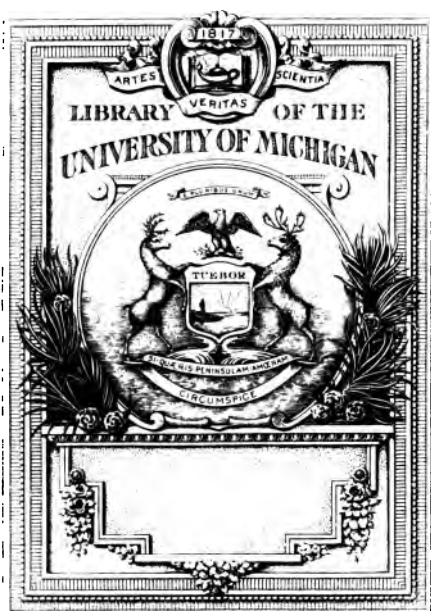
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 863,459



328
828
VL28





THE VOICES;

A FORM:

THREE DANTOS.

BY
THE AUTHOR OF THE
LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ROTATIO PHILLIPS,

New and continued at No 10, Bedford Square.

N.B. CHARING-CROSS.

1828.

PRICE 3s. 6d.

(Printed by W. Lacey, Printer.)

(Distributed by Thomas A. Adams.)





223
7628

T H E V I C E S ;

A POEM :

IN THREE CANTOS.

Un



James Whiting, Printer, Beaufort House, Strand.

47

Fac-simile of the Poem.

Canto. 1.

Be't known to those who do not know,
Devils have Holidays below;
Have grand State Days, on which the
Pastimes that Pandemonium shake
Sometimes they wrestle, fight or run,
Whilst some pursue, and others shun
Often they game, as we do here,
But with more spirit, for 'tis clear

Fac-simile of the hand writing of the author of Junius. published by M. Woodfall.

It is essentially necessary that the
inclosed should be published to-
morrow, as the great Question comes
on on Monday & Lord Granby is
already staggered if you sh^d receive
any answer to it, You will oblige me
much, by not publishing it, till after
Monday.

J. J. Woodfall

Junius, pseud.

THE VICES;

A POEM:

IN THREE CANTOS.

————— And the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring.—*PARADISE LOST*, b. vi.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

IN THE PRESUMED HANDWRITING

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HORATIO PHILLIPS,

(Son and Successor of Sir Richard Phillips,)

NO. 3, CHARING-CROSS.

1828.

PRICE 3s. 6d.

828
V628

44



Stille
-28-30
1386

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE poem which is here presented to the world, was found some years since among the papers of the late JOHN ALMON, long a very distinguished publisher in Piccadilly, and himself the author and editor of some political and biographical works well known to the public.

It is believed to be in the handwriting of the unknown Author of the Letters of JUNIUS, from comparing the manuscript not merely with the fac similes published by Mr. WOODFALL, but with the originals in his possession.

It was evidently written twelve or thirteen years after the Letters of JUNIUS, and hence some trivial variations; but the general character and aspect of the hands are the very same; and the style of penmanship in the original Letters and

in this poem is so singularly clear, easy, and neat, that scarcely ten men of the same age would have written in a similar manner, and perhaps no two men of genius.

It is presumed also, that the subject matter of the poem, its tone of biting satire, its political principles, and the individuality of its personal sarcasms, will concur with the similarity of hand in producing a conviction of the identity of authorship.

It would be marvellous indeed, if two different men in the same epoch wrote in a peculiar character, so much alike as scarcely to be distinguished, and should also maintain the same principles, entertain the same personal antipathies, and display signs of genius more than ordinary. The probability is very low that they should be two persons; and very high that they were one and the same person.

If it be inquired how it happened that ALMON, who edited JUNIUS, did not identify this poem, it may be answered, that ALMON had always cherished the notion, that HUGH BOYD was JUNIUS; and BOYD wrote in a stiff and rather awkward hand, very unlike the hand of JUNIUS. At that time too, Mr. GEORGE WOODFALL had not published his fac similes; and ALMON, after various applications to Mr. ELMSLEY and others, was never able to get sight of the real autographs of JUNIUS. The poem, therefore, remained in his hands among a pile of unheeded papers; and had not been published by him, because, while ALMON was in trade, the severity of its sarcasms on characters then living, might have exposed him to inconvenience.

Time, death, and the oblivion of party feeling, have, in 1828, removed that objection; and the poem is now published simply as a presumed

literary curiosity. Most of the parties noticed, like the late Duke of GRAFTON, lived long enough to live down the severities of political invective.

The publication may also teach the Poet Laureat that he was not original in consigning the objects of his political animosities to the infernal regions !

For the satisfaction of the public, a fac simile of the poem has been copied, and likewise one of the specimens published by Mr. WOODFALL. Nothing is dogmatically or empirically asserted, but the question is thus placed before the public, and left to its discrimination.

For the further satisfaction and gratification of the curious, the original manuscript is left at the shop of the publisher, and will be cheerfully shown by him to every one who has a desire to see it.

It may be doubtful, how far it is probable that the first of prose writers should also arrive

at fair mediocrity as a poet, or be capable of submitting the unfettered harmony of his poetical prose to the fetters of metre and rhyme. It would be in regard to composition and reasoning like a bird leaving the groves, and voluntarily entering a cage. But it would be yielding to an art of rhetoric to effect a purpose, and it is matter of fact that JUNIUS did submit to the trammels of versification. The WOODFALLS once had a poem of his ; and that or another, for the writer's memory is not clear, appeared anonymously in ALMON's annual volumes, called "The Foundling Hospital of Wit." The reason may be readily conjectured why ALMON, who had been scorched by libel law, did not print this also.

The names with blanks might now be given at length, but this would be an act of editorial ill-nature ; and all who are likely to feel an interest in the poem will readily supply them.

With regard to merit, it may be observed that the poem contains many lines worthy of CHURCHILL; and a general terseness and boldness of thought such as would characterize a composition by the author of JUNIUS.

Who this writer was is still a mystery. We are told that Lord NUGENT has recently made discoveries, which are not, however, to be publicly developed till after the decease of a living statesman; but the same expectation has been so often raised in vain, that until the proofs are adduced, or we have the high authority of the noble Lord in an authentic form, the story must be regarded as legendary. Whoever he was, he could be no stranger on the political rendezvous at ALMON'S; and as one of the agitators of his day, he was not unlikely to have written and given this poem to the bookseller of his party.

T H E V I C E S .

CANTO I.



THE VICES.

CANTO I.

Be 't known to those who do not know,
Devils have holidays below ;
Have grand, state days, on which they make
Pastimes that Pandemonium shake ;
Sometimes they wrestle, fight, or run, 5
Whilst some pursue, and others shun ;
Often they game, as we do here,
But with more spirit, for 'tis clear,
(Though man, still prompt to claim invention,
Has ne'er thought fit to make the mention, 10

In hopes to have himself the credit
Of an idea of such merit,)
I say, to me, 'tis matter clear
Gaming was not invented here,
But first imported, truth to tell, 15
And give the devil his due, from hell.
This is their favorite diversion,
Because it calls into exertion
All their grand powers; for there 'tis meet
Whoe'er the talent has, should cheat; 20
And 'tis not sure a point of ease
To cheat the devils when we please.

On one of these appointed days
Hell was resounding Satan's praise.
Infernal minstrelsy prevail'd, 25
And, by their voice, you'd swore they rail'd;
But that their leader's ghastly grin,
Proclaim'd the pleasure felt within.

The music sounding clear and fair,
Was wafted on the sulph'rous air: 30
Hautboy's shrill shriek afar was heard;
But high above the rest preferr'd
The princely bagpipe rear'd its whine,
And drawl'd melodiously fine.
Its influence such, those near it slept, 35
Some there were laugh'd, but the most wept.

“ All hail,” the chorus cried, “ all hail!
Thou who mak'st all our arts prevail.
Our common father! dearest leader!
Where shall thy duteous sons find meed, or 40
Praise that befits thy mighty worth?
By thy assistance o'er the earth
We roam, and of the race of men
Behold! half fill'd, thy sacred den.—
Oh careful father! praise receive; 45
Such praise, as we thy sons can give;

Aided by mighty nation's voice,
Who make thy palace all their choice ;
Aided by Europe's duteous race,
Who with most zeal our footsteps trace. 50
All hail !" Again they cried, " All hail !
Thou who mak'st all our arts prevail."

" Well, my lov'd children, do ye prove,"
The arch-fiend said, " your weight of love.
And each as duteous as his brother, 55
I cannot love one more than other.
But on this mirthful holiday
When we, from torments free, may play ;
Methinks it were a task most fit
To exercise your leader's wit ; 60
If every sep'rate vice stept forth,
And clearly prov'd its sep'rate worth :
That is, which vice most subjects brings,
Which most in number, which most kings ;

Which deepest dy'd, and which, in fine, 65
Deserves with glory most to shine.
A radiant crown (of old 'twas worn
Ere from the blissful mansions torn
We wander'd here in smoke and dirt)
Rewards that vice that 's most expert. 70
With radial points 'tis set around,
And he shall have it that is found
To do most service to the state
By acts call'd little, mean, or great."

Again th' infernal chorus join'd, 75
For devils are ever of a mind ;
(Example take of F -- and N ----,
Not always so with men of worth ;)
And praising all their leader's thought,
The radial crown was instant brought. 80
Satan ascended his grand throne
At th' upper end ; in state ; alone,

Those who supported it excepted ;
 And it perhaps may be expected
 That I should true recordance make 85
 Of all these, for their honor's sake.

Four forms upheld the ebon throne ;
 From aspect strange, full easy known.
 The first in Indian robes was seen,
 The robes full grand, the man full mean ; 90
 His pocket lin'd with scalping knives,
 Full fatal found to Indian lives.
 Yet these should not be nam'd in place
 With all the horrors of his face.
 The squinting eye, the cruel mien, 95
 The visage black, the tongue obscene,
 Proclaim'd the name he bore alive,
 And furies loudly scream'd out " Clive."

Thee, R-----d, when the Fates shall call,
 And bid to leave this little ball ; 100

Thee shall thy parent kind prefer,
 Nor from thy pattern shalt thou stir;
 But oft' relieve his aching arm,
 And bear the dev'l aloft from harm.

A figure loathsome to the eye, 105
 Whom none but dev'ls could bear nigh,
 By reason of the foulest scent
 That shed rank influence as he went,
 With steady arm upheld, strange sight!
 The throne, and thought the burden light; 110
 Though, to appearance, if a fly
 Had past too roughly, or too nigh,
 It might the weesen thing have thrown,
 When, if not help'd, it must stay down.
 Its little eyes were red and raw, 115
 And on its cheeks was many a flaw.
 X Its mouth was ghastly, and so wide,
 Colossus might have sat astride.

The place design'd a nose to bear
 Was useless, for no nose was there. 15
 Its tooth was black, its gums were white,
 Its tongue was blue, no red in sight.
 Its form might make a spirit fear;
 It seem'd compos'd of putrid air,
 With dirty paddles close conjoin'd; 1
 Paddles from Billingsgate purloin'd.

This aspect, Satan's darling son,
 As well it might, the light would shun,
 And crouch'd beneath the shelt'ring throne;
 Its pow'r protective, oft' would own. 1
 If it appear'd, the ghosts might harm,
 When "Chartres! Chartres!" gave the alarm

Thee, S-----h, when the Fates shall ca
 And bid to leave this little ball,
 Thee shall thy parent kind prefer,
 Nor from thy pattern shalt thou stir;

But oft' relieve his aching arm,
And bear the dev'l aloft from harm.

The third was tall, and black, and thin,
Of old compar'd to Milton's Sin. 140

His breast no moral virtue warm'd,
His head no thought of heav'n charm'd,
Vice would have call'd him all her own,
But France aloud her claim made known,
And genius gloried in her son. 145

< Wit he had much, and prov'd too well,
That wit, and sense, save not from hell.
And these he us'd in reason's spight,
For loving wrong, he ne'er sought right.
Like icicles, lies from his tongue 150

✕ For ever in succession hung.
The muse historic star'd with rage,
Beholding his magician page;

And her of epic numbers smil'd,
To see her little, half-starv'd child, 155
With well-knit bones, so lank, so lean,
Scarce any meat was put between.
He now the muses had forsook,
Nor e'er wrote verse, but great pains took
The works of other ghosts to damn. 160
Though hurtless, heav'n knows, as a lamb.

Thee, R - - - l, when the Fates shall call,
And bid to leave this little ball ;
Thee shall thy parent kind prefer,
Nor e'er shalt thou from Voltaire stir ; 165
But oft' relieve his aching arm,
And bear the dev'l aloft from harm.

The last appear'd in princely robe ;
And seem'd as proud as if the globe

Had bent beneath his abject sway. 170

His face was young, and fair as day ;

His form so elegant and light,

It made a captive of the sight.

But when his robe was put aside,

Lo ! all the skin beneath was dy'd 175

With ever-flowing streams of gore.

The wound was ghastly, raw, and sore,

And in it still the murd'rous knife,

That struck th' unworthy fav'rite's life.

Oh cursed Buckingham ! by thee 180

Was Britain crown'd with infamy :

Thy counsels base had filled his head :

By thee the monarch's blood was shed.

Thee, gentle P - - -, when Fate shall call,

And bid to leave this little ball ; 185

Thee shall thy parent kind prefer ;
From Buckingham thou shalt not stir ;
But oft' release his aching arm,
And bear the dev'l aloft from harm.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

T H E V I C E S .

CANTO II.



CANTO II.

SUCH were the four, the dev'l's support,
Who bore him now on high, i' th' court ;
In open court, and on the ground
Sat all the lesser imps around.
The crown was brought, on high was plac'd, 5
And with triumphant ensigns grac'd.
When Satan's voice, with loud proclaim
Summon'd each vice of rank or fame,
To listen to their parent's call,
And prove their worth and labors all. 10

“ Hither, my children lov'd, repair:
Say, what on earth your works and care:

Say, which of all your various arts
Can lead astray most human hearts.
Prove, which of ye most subjects brings ; 15
Which most in number, which most kings,
Which deepest dy'd, and which, in fine,
Deserves, in glory, most to shine.
A radial crown (of old 'twas worn
Ere from the blissful mansions torn 20
We wander'd here in smoke and dirt)
Rewards that vice that 's most expert."

His voice re-echoed far and wide,
And, soon as heard, on either side
Three vices came—Ambition first: 25
In almost ev'ry bosom nurst.
Not that ambition mild and good,
That lives upon celestial food :
Not that which gives the inward rest,
That gently reigns in Powys' breast ; 30

Ambition to be good and wise,
But one, a worm, that never dies.

Aloud she cried: " Oh parent dear!
The merits of Ambition hear.
'Tis I who to thy palace bring 35
The courtier, statesman, people, king.
View the great names of ancient time;
Ambition was their only crime.
Who Alexander made a rod,
A madman, murd'rer, and a god? 40
Who made my Cæsar lash the globe?
Who stain'd with blood his royal robe?
Who all the tyrants of the earth
Nurs'd and instructed from their birth?
What wounds have by this hand been giv'n! 45
What souls by me detain'd from Heav'n!
And e'en in later times review
The sons I've brought: unnumber'd crew!

Richelieu and Mazarin to thee
Were introduced at first by me. 50
For Fleury, well thou knowst, I strove;
What sav'd him was his country's love.
Of England's kings a list I bear
That credits well my skill and care.
Is there a Stuart I have not brought? 55
Indeed, they cost me little thought,
For they were all so well inclin'd,
That we were ever of a mind.
Usurpers too, my long list crown,
Who, others crush'd, themselves came down. 60
Richard and Cromwell, names of note,
Ambition may be proud to quote:
And then along the statesman's line,
What glory and what triumph 's mine!
Did I not precious Melcombe bring? 65
That louse that crawl'd about a king;
That little, soaring, groveling thing.

Am I not others bringing fast ?
 Names that shall equal all the past.
 Am I not handing Charly down, 70
 While he expects a patriot crown ?
 With N - - - and twenty thousand more,
 Equal to all that went before ?
 Parties and factions nought to me
 For in their worship all agree. 75
 Is not the creeping T - - - - e mine ?
 Does P - - - not bow before my shrine ?
 My little, precious, white-fac'd child,
 Than silk more soft, than lambs more mild,
 Than crocodiles far more ensnaring, 80
 And, thanks to me, than wolves more daring.
 Nay, e'en his r - - - l master's heart
 I've tried to win with many an art ;
 Arts that had any Stuart won ;
 But—I find something there to shun ; 85

Something that still controls my reign,
And makes me go quick out again.
A piety, a something new,
That will not let him join my crew."

Ambition stopt, and backward trod; 90
In step a king, in look a god.
Her head already stuck with crowns,
Her eye with scorn, and brow with frowns.

X And now, behind the door was heard
A scratch, as if a mouse had stirr'd : 95
'Twas open'd, and without was seen
A form so little, black, and mean,
So batter'd, shatter'd, shrivell'd, blasted,
That wonder for some seconds lasted.
A dirty, trembling, wither'd wight, 100
That seem'd as born of age and spight.

His nose appear'd some fathom long ;
His sight was grey, and sharp, and strong.
His chin resembling in its form,
That thing we call a shoeing horn. 105
His hands were like the *feuille-morte*,
And armed with a strong escort
Of Chinese nails, of darksome hue.
His cloaths were nasty, ragg'd, and few,
And underneath his arm was seen 110
Ty'd with red tape, a bag of green.
Cringing he enter'd ; look'd behind,
And seemed suspicious of the wind.
Then, the bag pressing to his breast,
Trembling, he thus the dev'l address : 115

“ Say, am I safe ? Oh save thy son,
And aid from impious thief to run.
As hither to obey thy call
I brought my bag, myself and all,

Fraud overtook me posting here, 120

And Gluttony drove up the rear.

This seiz'd with greasy paw my bag,

And tore my habit to a rag.

Whilst that kept smiling, stroking, grinning,

Alas ! how prone is Fraud to sinning ! 125

Another vice one may endure ;

But this is vile, to seek to lure

And rob one of one's honest wealth.

Of all crimes, none so bad as stealth !"

" Compose yourself," replied the devil. 130

" Fraud, I am sure, could mean no evil,

For she has been your strictest friend ;

Of't' help'd you to your aim and end :

And, what I say I know is true,

She helps none oftener than you. 135

But to the purpose ; you are here

Your services to make appear ;

What subjects to my realm you bring ;
Their number and their rank now sing.

“ Oh gracious father !” cried the wight, 140
“ May I again ne'er see the light ;
Ne'er know again the bliss of cheating,
Nor from thy lips receive good greeting,
If I am wanting in the will
Thy sacred palace here to fill. 145
Or in success too, I may say :
To prove the which, I now will lay
Before your eyes, a list most true,
Of such as have been serving you
Under my name.” This said, he drew 150
From out a nasty, ragged pouch,
What for his loyalty might vouch.
The dev'l took the list, and smil'd
To see the numbers he'd begull'd.

Nabobs in myriads grac'd the list, 155

Nor was the name of R - - - - d mist.

Five thousand ministers were there,

And Wolsey's name was writ with care.

Bishops, archbishops, there were more

Than leaves on trees, or sands on shore. 160

Twenty-three popes, twelve thousand priests,

Who aye mark'd Avarice' behests ;

And then to crown the blackguard crew,

Hispaniola rose to view,

And furnish'd him such names of note 165

Ambition might be proud to quote.

Was there a chief that crost the seas,

And met the western region's breeze,

And made fell plunder all his care

That did not shine in letters fair? 170

And did not the Dutch traders too,

Claim a distinguish'd point of view?

And of Britannia's company,
Those, not upon the list, were—*three*.

"Well hast thou serv'd me, my dear child," 176
Satan return'd, and gracious smil'd.
"Go on, and thy good works pursue,
And to thy parent still be true."

Here Av'rice laugh'd, and wink'd, and nodded,
And as towards the crown he plodded 180
(Where candidates should take their stand,
And wait their parent's great command)
"Ne'er fear," quoth he, "my industry;
I've yet another; you shall see
All hell mistaking him for me, 185
As it has often hap'd on earth.
I've been his tutor since his birth,
Nor is there wight that crawls above,
I love as I P --- T --- r love."

As Av'rice ceas'd, there enter'd in 100
 A form, a wrapping-gown within :
 The gown was white as driven snow,
 And taught in graceful folds to flow.
 A visage, as an angel's bright
 Caught the charm'd eye, and fix'd the sight. 101
 She bow'd respectful, but with ease,
 And seem'd as conscious she must please ;
 Whilst in her hand a man she led,
 Whom she had to a lawyer bred ;
 Whom she, in barren Scotland found, 200
 Had plac'd on a more thriving ground.
 His form was thin, his air sedate,
 Few were his words, and full his pate.
 His eyes were large, and black, and strong ;
 His nose, of wond'rous shape, was long ; 201
 And a wee little wig he wore,
 That wrapt of fraud a plenteous store.

Him introducing to the throne,
She left him there to speak alone,
A thing she had not done before, 210
For forty-seven years or more:
And throwing off her wrapping-gown,
She in her nat'ral colors shone.
For underneath a form appear'd,
That seem'd with soot and grease besmear'd. 215
The mask, fair cheat, was laid aside,
And out came features in the pride
Of ugliness, and dirt obscene:
Ne'er was there a more filthy queen.

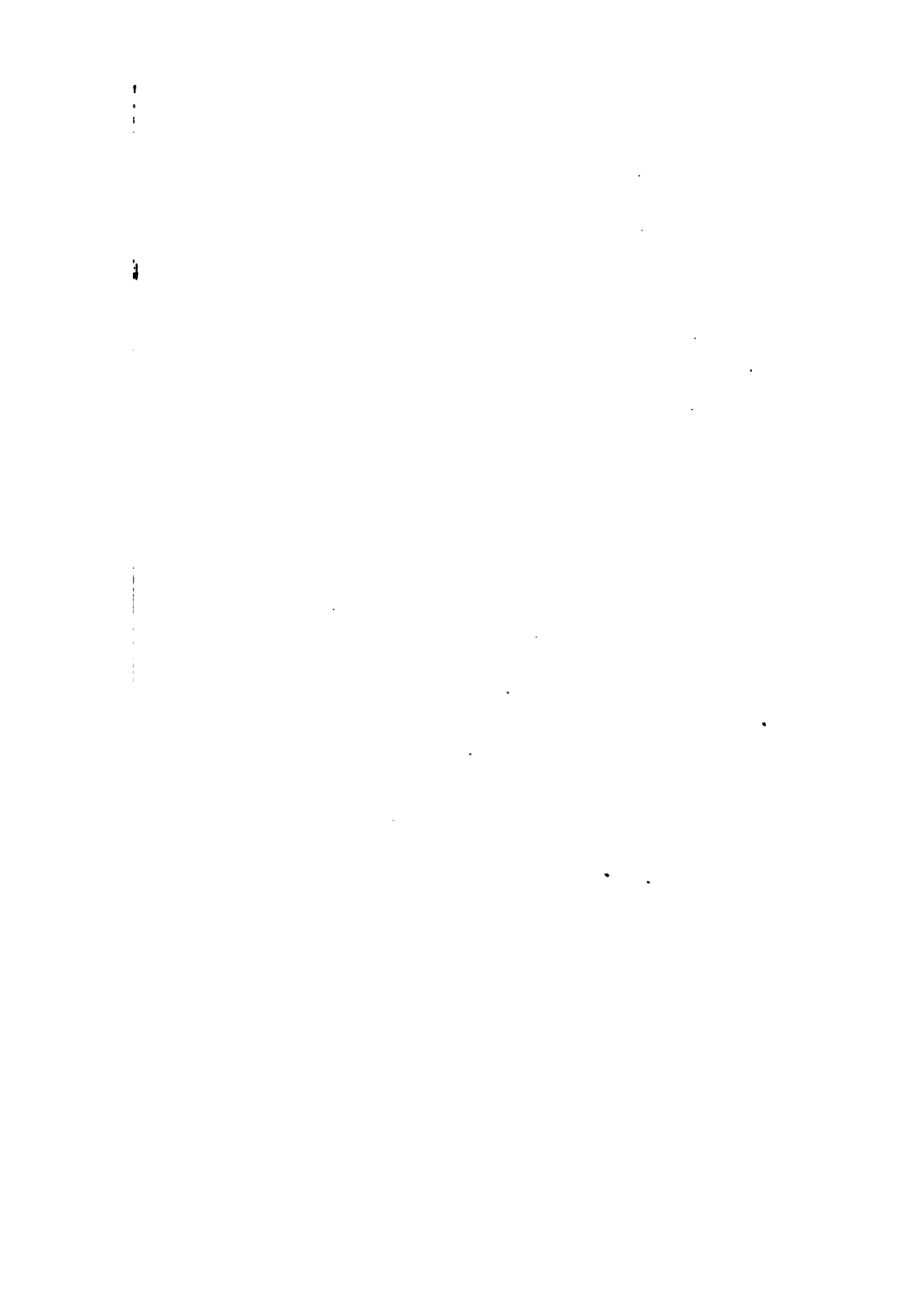
This happy figure spoke aloud, 220
And claim'd attention from the crowd:
"Welcome," she cried, "your new-come guest,
Fraud's fav'rite son, and her high-priest.

In happy hour the summons came,
 When I acquir'd immortal fame, 225
 And, singly, might my L-----h claim.
 Let him approve my service true;
 Enough have I in him to shew,
 Nor need I name my labors past,
 Which, while man lives, shall ever last. 230
 Why need I say, but for my care
 You ne'er had had a council here?
 Upwards of ninety thousand, I
 Have brought, nor here need Fraud to
 And truly, were it not for me, 235
 You never would quack-doctors see.
 Who brought you Le Feore, W—, T—?
 Do I in that line ever fail, or
 Miss of my intended aim?
 No: Physic loud resounds my Fame. 240
 'Tis I that furnish the broad lace,
 And matchless valor of the face.

TE
 To
 To
 F

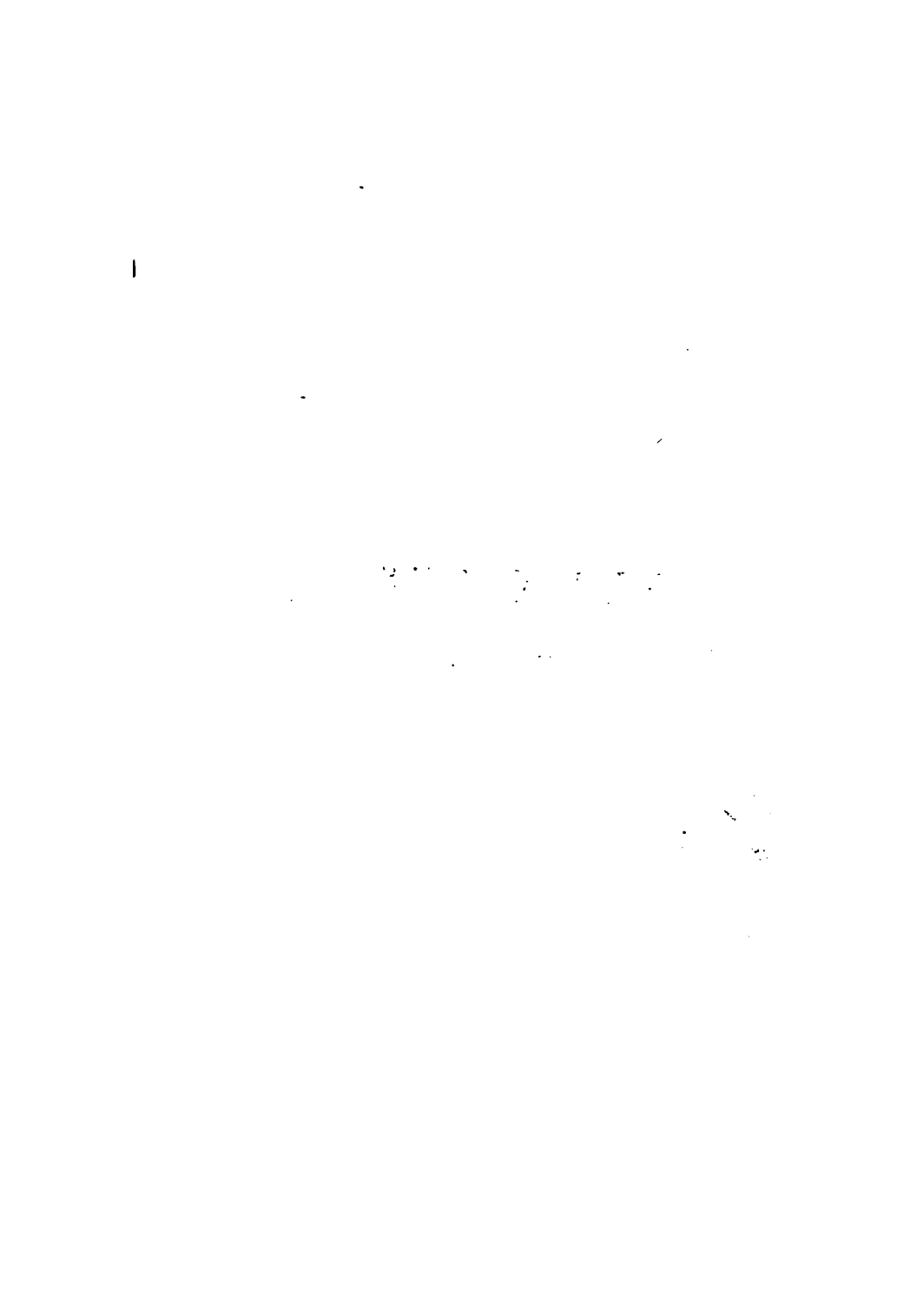
'Tis I in shape of Frenchmen come,
To cure the deaf, the dead, the dumb,
To sing, to dance, make puppets speak, 245
Fly in balloons, or nonsense squeak."

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.



T H E V I C E S .

CANTO III.



CANTO III.

AND now a noise was heard without,
As if all hell had given a rout.
Each flew to see the mighty cause;
The door was ope'd ; Fraud made a pause,
And in came, reeling, Gluttony ; 5
A figure gross, and vile to see.
A boar's skin wrapt his shoulders round,
And trailed before him on the ground ;
All dropping, bloody, raw and red ;
And fishes' entrails wrapt his head. 10
His bloated visage dropt with grease,
And shew'd of beard a long encrease ;

All matted up with sauces yellow,
And filthy gum, and cakes of tallow.
His belly was so swell'd, so large, 15
Not Newburgh bears a weightier charge.
His hands were stain'd with putrid gore,
And a vast turtle's load they bore.

“ Pardon, good father,” loud he said,
And on the ground his carcass laid: 20
“ That I obey your call so late ;
But well you know that cruel fate
Ever denies it me to go
Faster than does a bear or aloe.
When I your hasty summons heard, 25
Against my will it was I stirr'd :
For I was dining in the north,
With an old squire of 'special worth.
Aldermen yield, bishops and all,
To my dear child at B -- w - m Hall. 30

And then this turtle by the way

I spied, as on the shore it lay.

That took me up an hour or more;

And then my pace I nam'd before.

But to the point; as to your crown,

36

Who will for me may take it down;

I value it not at a louse,

Nor all the gewgaws in your house.

A buck, a dory, or some fish,

Would be the things that I should wish.

40

As to my worth it speaks itself,

For well thou knowst, full many an elf

I've added to thy large dominion;

And some of note, in my opinion.

Nine commoncouncil men to day,

45

I've kill'd; beneath the board they lay;

And yesterday I roll'd in pleasure:

A lord I love beyond all measure,

An old fat lord, my fav'rite son,
Who never sought my baits to shun, 50
Ask'd me to dine in —— Square,
Eleven of my children there ;
Not one without his crutch and flannel,
The meat a mountain, wine a channel.
Oh how we drank ! oh how we eat ! 55
Not less than thirteen stone of meat.
Had you but seen the various mess,
You 'd give me now a sure success.
Our host eat venison, gravy-soup,
Fish, turtle, pigeons in a troop. 60
Oysters and sallad, pickles, stew,
Pudding and sweetmeats not a few.
Drank table-beer, and Cyprus wine ;
Pour'd floods of porter at my shrine,
And Florence oil, and Parmezan ; 65
He scarcely seem'd a mortal man.

I hope in very little time
To have him here: his only crime
Is that he curses me, next day,
And swears he never will obey 70
My mandates more; but that 's a jest:
He breaks his word, as he had best.
Moreover, patron, you 're to know,
I 'm trying if I can't bestow
Upon your realm, a certain youth 75
Who gives me hopes upon my truth.
His name, however, I 'll conceal,
Lest I should disappointed feel
In case I fail'd in the great mission.
—He 'd be a noble acquisition!— 80
This for myself, and now I must
Ask pardon for my cousin Lust,
Who meant your presence sure to meet,
But the old Earl in H - - t f - - d Street

Detains him prisoner, nor can he
Find time to pay 's devoirs to thee."

85

Here the fat bloatard ended, rose,
And gather'd up his filthy cloaths ;
When in his room appear'd a form
Whose every feature seem'd a storm.
His scouling eyebrow scorn proclaim'd ;
His eye, upturn'd, all heaven defam'd ;
His taunting finger held on high,
The worthy second of his eye.
Proudly he stalk'd, then look'd around,
And seem'd as if already crown'd.
A roll of paper large he bore,
Which he unroll'd, and hung before
The devil's eyes, who there beheld
The ocean with a tempest swell'd,
And cover'd with a gallant fleet,
That rode with pride, as pride seem'd meet.

90

9 95

100 0

For strong her sides, and high in air,
The British flag was pictur'd there.

“ Behold my works, oh sire ! ” he cried, 105
Britannia's fleet I own with pride.
Those tars who to no other bend,
Whom George, and his white Albion send
To hurl destruction o'er their foes,
The duteous children I have chose. 110
To me alone they bend the knee,
And owe their chance of seeing thee.
O'er their rough hearts I stretch my sway,
Nor ought can there my pow'r allay.
I order; they with joy obey.” 115

“ And what,” the devil cried, “ thy name ?
Thou should'st not be unknown to fame.”

“ Nor am ; half Europe knows me well :
Who can't of Atheism tell ? ”—

These five were heard ; a sixth remain'd, 120
Whom circumstances had detain'd.
She roam'd in a far-distant clime,
Where she had roam'd since earliest time.
A barren, starving, northern realm,
Where she alone stood at the helm, 125
And guided all the state affairs,
The people's actions, thoughts, and pray'rs.
For in each heart was rear'd a throne,
Where this form sate, and sate alone.
She reign'd there with an iron rod, 130
At once their dev'l, their guide, their god.
The subjects poor, it must be own'd,
In whose cold hearts she sate enthron'd ;
The clime, a poor and barren clime ;
But when was poverty a crime ? 135
And why despise the wretched land,
Because it cannot wealth command ?

Because the fern-crown'd heaths are bare,
Nor herb, nor flow'r perfumes the air ?
Nor golden grain waives to the breeze, 140
And thistles grow in lieu of trees ?
Because her sons, a wond'rous clan,
Seem something different from man ?
Their raw-bon'd limbs, enwrapt with plaid,
Raw-bon'd would be though better clad. 145
The dialect is call'd uncouth
Of the pure, unmix'd, Scottish youth ;
But in no tongue they would speak truth.
'Tis urg'd against them that they roam ;
So should we, had we such a home. 150
Their goddess 'tis who prompts to rove
And leave their freckled, bare-leg'd love,
Their faithful clan, and Highlands dear,
And cross the Tweed, sans sense of fear.
Ever her dictates they obey, 155
Then who such worshippers as they ?

This goddess, to return, was here,
Instructing all her sons with care,
When Satan's summons loud was heard,
And she had hopes to be preferr'd. 160
She call'd her children all around,
And 'spoke them on the thistly ground :

“ Oh Scottish race ! oh clan most dear !
From me great Satan's mandate hear.
Aloud he speaks to ev'ry vice, 165
(Such as are fam'd, of note, and price.)

“ ‘ Hither, my children lov'd, repair ;
Say, what on earth your works and care ;
Say, which of all your various arts
Can captivate most human hearts: 170
Prove which of ye most subjects brings ;
Which most in number, which most kings.
A radial crown (of old 'twas worn
Ere from the blissful mansions torn

We wander'd here in smoke and dirt) 175
Rewards that vice that 's most expert.'

" Such his commands ; now follow me,
And ye shall, crown'd, your goddess see ;
For who such numbers can withstand ?
Such myriads nurtur'd by my hand ? 180
Satan shall own my boundless pow'r,
And call me fav'rite from this hour."

" Oh goddess lov'd," replied a wight
Blest with the gift of second sight ;
" Myriads, 'tis true, here own thy sway : 185
But think what myriads are away!
Visit the English cities, towns,
(Our race heeds not their scorn and frowns,)
Their boards, their court, in every street
You 'll half a score of Scotsmen meet. 190
Then when all round your children gather,
We 'll follow you to hell together."

The goddess smil'd, th' advice approv'd,
And sought out those she dearly lov'd.
To London flew, with pinion strong, 195
Nor there had need to seek them long,
For they flock'd round her in a throng.
The royal cabinet of state,
The royal ear they left, though late :
The upper house, and lower too, 200
Where they had sate themselves in view,
And at their goddess' orders fled
With monstrous Q—— at their head.

Thus, with a nation at her heels,
The pow'r unusual gladness feels. 205
She enters hell with pomp and state,
With her ragg'd multitude elate.
(Her multitude had gone astray
Blest instinct's dictates to obey,

Which made them through all order break 210
And fly to bathe i' th' brimstone lake.)
They enter'd, pouring in so fast
Hell at their numbers stood aghast.
Satan, astonish'd, rose and cried :
“ Oh! instant, reach the crown to pride. 215
’Tis her’s a nation to subdue ;
’Tis her’s to serve with zeal most true ;
’Tis her’s, most lov’d, with matchless arts,
’To lead astray unnumber’d hearts.
Respect, my sons, your leader’s choice”— 220
They heard, and with according voice
Pride’s praises sung, with loud acclaim,
Crown’d her, and gave her deeds to fame.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

Shortly will be published by
HORATIO PHILLIPS,
No. 3, CHARING-CROSS,

I.

LETTERS written in September, October, and November, from Patras and Zante, relative to the War in Greece, during the Year 1827. By an OFFICER.

II.

Early in February,

CAMELEON SKETCHES.

By the Author of the Picturesque Promenade round Dorking.

——Nil fuit unquam

Sic impar sibi.——HORAT.

Sure such a various creature ne'er was seen.—FRANCIS, *in imit.*

**** HORATIO PHILLIPS publishes new and
respectable Works for Authors on moderate and
advantageous terms, and respectfully invites
valuable connexions of that nature.*

No. 3, CHARING-CROSS.

James Whiting, Printer, Beaufort House, Strand.

7

